

# The Bible And The Belt

Bucky Covington

Well I grew up back in the sticks  
I was raised on cornbread and scripture  
And praise God for teachin' me wrong from right  
I had a wild streak  
Three counties wide  
They would have me  
Dead in the sack  
It was the hand of God'  
That got me out of the hands of the law

Mama taught the bible  
Daddy wore the belt  
Momma set the table  
Daddy rang the bell  
The preacher did his best to show me the light  
But daddy was the one that kept me walkin' the line  
Momma sang the gospel  
Daddy drove it home  
Momma was an angel  
Daddy was the brimstone  
One foot in heaven  
One foot in hell  
I found religion between the bible and the belt

I guess it rings true  
But the good book says  
What you learn young  
You never forget  
Daddy's belt left quite an impression on me

I can still hear  
Momma's voice in the choir  
She set the whole dang church on fire  
And it still burns in the deepest part of me

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